

MOTHER AFTER MAN WHO SOLD SON DRUGS

A story of the heartless degradation of boys was told today when a warrant was issued for the arrest of Thomas Whitfield, manager of Thomas Whitfield & Co., druggists, 545 South Wabash avenue.

The complaint was sworn to by Mrs. Dora Vincent, 108 North Carpenter street, widow, and mother of Thomas E. Gregory, 16 years old, now in the Bridewell.

One week ago, Gregory and his chum, Roy Hammond, 19 years old, appeared before Judge Torrison in the Desplaines street court, and asked to be sent to the Bridewell so they might be cured of the drug habit.

Judge Torrison asked the boys where they got the drugs. They were reluctant to tell at first. Then Gregory said:

"We got the drug from Thos. Whitfield who runs a drug store at 545 South Wabash avenue.

"He gave it to us in bottles labeled 'heroin.' I do not know if this is the right name of the drug he gave us. But I do know that whatever the name of it is, it contains morphine.

"There were one hundred pills in each bottle we bought. Whitfield charged us 80 cents a bottle, and we got so we used one bottle a day.

"We first started using the stuff about six months ago. We thought it was smart then. Now we know better. We're both wrecks. We can't work, and we can't live without the drug. Send us to the Bridewell where they

will force us to do without it."

Judge Torrison sent both boys to the Bridewell for 60 days.

Mrs. Vincent's story was as pitiful as that told by the boys.

"I don't know just when this thing began," she said, "but I imagine it started soon after Hammond came from a little country town to live with us.

"Hammond and my boy were always together after that, and I soon began to notice that there was something wrong.

"The boys became pale and ill looking. They lost their appetites. They were very nervous. But when I asked them what the trouble was, they always said there was no trouble.

"I did not become really alarmed until the last two months. The boys were looking terribly ill then, and sometimes they did not come home for days at a time.

"Once when they disappeared that way, I put on an old skirt and a shawl and went out and sold chewing gum on the streets in the hope that I would find them.

"My boy is all I have left and I cannot bear to lose him.

"When I at last found the boys, and found what they were doing, I advised them to go to Judge Torrison and tell everything.

"It is terrible to think of my son being in the Bridewell, but he is better there than under the influence of morphine.

Whitfield denies having sold the boys any drug containing morphine.